

PRICE OF A LIMB.

A LAWSUIT INVOLVING A CLAIM FOR HEAVY DAMAGES.

THE BABIES AND CITY NOISES.

The Sugar-Rag and Corn-Starch Association Discuss This Movement—The Fight for the Chicken Gizzard—Unselfishness of Humanity.

The law, with all its intricacies of grammatical construction and dog Latin, is an object of great respect to me. I watch current litigation with the same eagerness that characterizes the gaze of a Keeley Institute graduate on the bung-hole of a barrel of "Mountain Dew." In fact, I am something of an attorney myself, and can manipulate the statutes of limitations and homestead exemption in a manner calculated to make my grocer shudder. There is not a suit brought that escapes my attention, though suits bought have been scarce in my wardrobe for the last six years. A few months ago I noted the fact that a young lady from the Piedmont section had commenced an action of damages for \$20,000 against a railway company. The tort which provoked her lawsuit is the loss of a leg—leg pardon, ladies, limb. I should say—and nothing but the sum mentioned will fill the aching void or empty stocking of her existence. Supposing that the limb is not alleged to have a "premium affection" (sentimental value), we can form some idea as to the figure at which this litigation values her limb. Naturally, we presume, in the beginning, that the aggrieved plaintiff has another article similar to the one lost, and paying this likewise at a value of \$20,000, we start with a basis of \$40,000. When we consider the bicycling craze and the irresistible magnetism of feminine bathing suits, we might at this season even add a few thousands more to this figure, but like the lawyers, we won't add anything. If the limbs that furnish the motive power for a bike are respectively worth \$20,000 par, the arms, at a conservative estimate, should bring \$10,000 apiece, which of course would be up to \$60,000. This will still leave a pretty liberal allowance of girl and the residuum, at the lowest possible valuation, ought to be \$20,000 more. Thus the grand total value of a lass, supposing all her limbs to be in excellent condition, is something like \$120,000. You may not appreciate this, but when you ask her hand, her father is quite apt to do some "footing up" himself. In fact, on several occasions of this sort, I've known the law firm of foot all the bills that came to them. (Note to Editor: The above joke greatly tickled my wife and her eight maiden sisters, now stopping with me.)

And now, perspiring reader, you naturally become interested when I talk dollars and cents, and in view of my estimates given above, half way wish that some of your wife's ripe women relatives would undertake to butt a steam locomotive off the track and make you her sole legatee. But note me, herein comes the inconsistency of the law. Supposing that a steam locomotive could injure the ripe female relative aforesaid, and that she was reduced to a mummy, the law would only allow her representative \$10,000. Leastwise, I think that's the present law, though I frequently get the provisions of Henning's Statutes mixed up with the Code of 1887. You will thus see that it is more lucrative to lose a leg or an arm than to get killed, and decidedly more agreeable to the dramatic personae. Few people who have grasped at the \$10,000 prize have lived to see the tale of the law. No limitation of damages is provided where the claimant merely loses a limb or sustains bodily harm; hence, the fancy figures at which legs, arms, toes, and fingers are sometimes appraised.

The crusade recently inaugurated against noises in Richmond has attracted widespread interest, and most everybody here has had a chance to get in a kick of some kind. On the whole, it has been a case of the gentle warblers and the cats (two worthy objects of wrath), and the editor of this paper, who once lost the major portion of his trousers in a juvenile attempt to get the electric dogs, in fact, he never misses an opportunity to administer a metaphorical kick to these affectionate and sociable creatures. In fact, he has been so busy with the crusade, that he has been unable to devote any time to the more important matter of the matrimonial business, and that is the fact that the membership is increasing daily. The personnel of this organization have themselves contributed no little to the noisiness of Richmond, and at night they get in their most heroic work. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that they should array themselves against any movement looking to their personal comfort.

The meeting referred to was called to order by Babe Willie, aged 6 months, and susceptible to colic, who thunderously and untiringly explained the purpose of the gathering. T. Ootzie Wootsie, who was not on this earth a year ago, was in his carriage as secretary, and little D. Evil Jones acted as sergeant-at-arms. Despite a blizzard of rain, a party of 100 applied to his throat the Precious Swallowtail gave a thorough and complete ventilation of his lungs, and indignantly asserted that this movement, in point of industry, stood on a par with the invention of safety-pins. He said that the scheme was purposely and maliciously hatched up at a season when the Sugar-Rag and Corn-Starch Association was necessarily much occupied with cholera, infantum, and the after-effects of such green apples as could be surreptitiously procured. "I, for one,

raises my voice against this Anti-Noise scheme," said he, and, true to his word and to the fundamental principles of his organization, he howled. Nay! more; he howled throughout the night, and his mother was sore afraid, and soothing syrup flowed like water. Other protests were put in at the meeting; several sugar-rags were severely bitten by toothless gums, and nineteen silk veils, attached to white lace skull-caps, were snatched off. Finally, a resolution was adopted, and then the members of the association, one by one, dropped off to sleep, and did not wake again until their mothers and fathers had begun to doze that night. Here is what was resolved:

(1) That we, the members of the Sugar-Rag and Corn-Starch Association, view with diffidence and distrust the so-called anti-noise movement, which emanates from the dyspeptic brains of certain persons, whose diet, unlike ours, is unrestricted, and whose nervousness is due to indigestion.

(2) It has ever been our constitutional privilege to make ourselves felt at night, and, paragon to the contrary notwithstanding, we propose to give expression to our feelings, and to murmur long and loudly when our hides are peppered with heat-bumps.

(3) It is foreign to the objects of this association to treat this matter, so far as it pertains to dogs and cats and sparrows, but as "bright, cute little babies," we wish to put ourselves on record as protesting against the narrow prejudices of disgruntled dyspeptics.

(4) The American baby is the representative of the unmuzzled and unfettered, and has never been conquered, and never will be.

(5) Any person objecting to noises who can prove by affidavit that he wasn't an infant once himself will receive our heartfelt sympathy and consideration.

T. OOTZIE WOOTSIE, Secretary.

The bonds of family love and friendship are strong and good feeling is predominant at most times, but few are the home circles that can withstand the discord superinduced by just for the chicken gizzard. This is a bit of fowl anatomy which few can resist and all desire. It was a mistake that Nature made chickens with but one gizzard, for each and every one of us want it. Unfortunately, this India-rubbery organ will fall to the lot of one, and one alone. But who is to have it? Ay, there's the rub. Your pa will want it, and so will your ma. The baby likewise will howl for the article, and the twins will fight over while the two young ladies of the family will exchange sarcastic remarks in reference thereto. The winner of the prize will hardly enjoy it, for he will be the object of so much hatred that his appetite will be almost destroyed.

The chicken, by the way, is a wonderful medium for the proof of human selfishness. As I've said before, it was a mistake that Nature made chickens with only one gizzard. Perhaps it was a still greater mistake that it was made with only two legs and one breast, for these parts are second only to the gizzard in point of desirability. Some of the persons you are serving a "frying size" ask the person on your right what portion he desires, and carelessly he will say, in his magnanimous way: "I'm not particular; any part will do for me—a leg or a breast, or anything." This careless and unselfish selection, as you will observe, accidentally hits on the best portions in the dish. Now, by the time the other person is willing to take anything to wit, a leg and a breast—the rest of the people must content themselves with a wing or a back. A boarding-house keeper once told me that he guests profited on the presumption that a chicken consisted of nothing but legs and breasts. Great is the unselfishness of humanity—about things they don't want.

THE IDLE REPORTER.

The Growth of the German Navy.

(The Fortnightly Review.)

The growth of the German navy since 1871 has been extraordinary. According to figures quoted in the *Reichstag*, the increase in naval expenditure since that date has been 57 per cent. The outfit of the North German Confederation in 1871 was only \$12,000,000, while at the date of the Emperor William II's accession it had risen to \$43,515,000. The programme of the German Admiralty for the present year involved an expenditure of \$10,000,000, which would increase the navy to 28 torpedo boats, 12 cruisers, 12 battleships, 12 monitors, 12 submarines, and 12 torpedo boats. The programme of the German Admiralty for the present year involved an expenditure of \$10,000,000, which would increase the navy to 28 torpedo boats, 12 cruisers, 12 battleships, 12 monitors, 12 submarines, and 12 torpedo boats.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Would you kindly print the enclosed in your next Sunday's issue? I came across it in an old book of selections.

Petersburg, Va. A READER.



A DREAM IN BLACK AND WHITE. Exquisite black and white toilette. Suits of lilac in black Chantilly lace on white tulle. The skirt is bordered with two plaques of black tulle. The same plaques edge the bolero, which is short and shows a deep waist-band of black satin. It opens upon a front of cream lace. The very original hat has a brim of watergreen straw and a crown of white tulle dotted with jet, white plumes and a twist of white tulle piped with black velvet. The white parasol has applications of Chantilly lace.

ONE-CENT POSTAGE.

REGARDED AS A NECESSITY OF THE TIMES.

Would Be a Boon to the Farming Community—The Curiousities of a Country Post-Office—Some Aston Personal Notes.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

AFTON, VA., July 17.—Postage, in these days of multiplying correspondence, is a burden to the average citizen, pen in hand. I remember reading last fall—during the election, when the eagle screamed and the wangoos mourned, in the campaign days, you know—that some of the night on the winning side pledged their party to "the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce, and the extension of a free carrier delivery to rural towns." This latter question has been discussed for years; the experiment is now on trial in some of the Northern and Western States, and we shall take our rustic hats to the party that first gives us its benefit. Perhaps an aid toward the establishment of free delivery would be the discontinuance of very many small country post-offices, which are maintained at great expense for the convenience of remote districts, and this revenue appropriated as extra compensation to the carriers. It is high time the farmer had some tangible evidence, besides his appropriations and dishonest pension rolls from his taxes, that this was really his government. Nowhere in the world are so many letters written as in the United States—the statistics go beyond my arithmetic and nowhere would a low postal letter rate and easier mail facilities affect so many people. Regardless of class or color, everybody writes and receives letters, and every one reads a paper, if it is only a patent medicine circular, or a 10-cent paper.

Whatever adds to the pleasure of country life, without increasing its cost, must tend to ally the spirit of discontent and restlessness which is so prevalent in agricultural regions. When the farmer and his wife and daughters have their letters, magazines, and newspapers delivered by a special carrier, responsible for their safe delivery, instead of going long distances or sending by Tom, Dick, or Harry to the post-office, a postal millennium will have dawned in rural ways.

A NECESSITY.

The one-cent postal rate is a necessity of the times—twice as many letters would be written and the revenue would be the same, though for the matter, the departments of government are not expected to pay for themselves—that's the business of the Treasury Department. There is a fascination, more or less, about letters that does not stop at one's personal interest. Who does not like to watch the opening of the mail bags in a small town, or peep through a window bars at the busy employees of a city post-office? Suppose those thousands of silent missives could all at once give voice to their messages of joy and sorrow, of profit and loss, of hope and disappointment? Behind their babel, that eldritch word would be a dear mute clasp in grammar. Did you ever open the morning post of a celebrity? Not so long ago I expressed a desire to share in the many letters that came to a woman widely known in the world of authorship and high society, and half the batch was thrown to me.

Among them were four letters from woman who claimed distant relationship, and because of that they wanted money or free tickets to something, or recommendations to hard-hearted editors. One writer was sufficiently complimentary to announce that she had named her baby girl for this lady, and that it was as little as she could do to undertake her education. Another letter

in haste if you please.

Important.

and if from a lady, is quite often accompanied by a note of instruction. One of these I have been given as a relic of "our post-master, please be kinder, they is hours inside."

Another scintillates with wit: "Dear Sir, a postal-card came for me a week ago. Bill says he lost it. Can you please tell me what it was about, and who it was from, also, please do not send my mails down by Bill any more."

Of all the abstruse sciences of modern-ologies and graphs, there is nothing so intensely absorbing as the study of human characters through the door of intuition into the brain, and in nine cases out of ten reads the truth. Look at this torn letter, read hastily and thrown upon the post-office floor. Look at the long letter, the carefully lined above the common herd. That it might be an a, and that I am a. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however slightly they may be as a rule, to watch out for vagabonds and weakness in temptation, note the "broken-back k's," how they bend inward, and if you do not wish your self-love and self-esteem to be cast out off the flourishes from your capitals.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Hartwell Hawthorn returned from Richmond greatly improved, and was able to be out at the young people's singing class Tuesday.

Miss Mary Goodloe was a visitor at Mirador last week.

Miss Mattie Lipscomb, of Redlands, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Noel, of Palmyra.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Cloud, of Charlottesville, are guests of Mrs. Taverne Goodloe.

Mrs. W. H. Goodwin is visiting relatives in Staunton.

Society has settled down to the regular routine, which means hunting parties at dawn, dancing at night, and all sorts of out-door sports between. Most of the old habits are here, and new arrivals at the hotels are chronicled every day.

A Cleverer Boy Than Others. (Harpers' Bazar.)

The boy stood on the burning deck Till all but him had died. And then he put the fire out. And went and cruised ahead.

And when he'd had enough of that, He sailed into the ship. And got a thousand dollars down As salvage on the ship.

Orders for printing sent to the Dispatch Company will be given prompt attention, and the style of work and prices will be sure to please you.



A MIDSUMMER BEAUTY. Behold the Aureole hat. These becoming hats, which frame the face like a halo, are the keynote of summer styles in millinery. The tip-titled hat is having its last triumph.

FASHION AND CYCLES.

SHEPHERD'S PLAID AND MAUVE CLOTHS VERY SWELL FOR GIRLS.

THE BOLERO BODICE IN EVIDENCE.

Gold Braid, Too, Is Considered an Absolutely Necessary Adjunct of the Wheel Woman's Attire—Evening Gowns Are Flower-Trimmed.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, July 17.—The "cyclist" is fading the honors with the summer girl of dress. In fact, the modiste has a much more difficult task in conceiving something new for the "cyclist" than for the duty question who charms by the waters and elsewhere.

Have been looking the last few days at new designs, or rather some costumes, for the bicycle girl, and out of all that I have seen I selected three to write something about. The first is made of black and white shepherd's plaid cloth, very soft and fine, the skirt trimmed with five broad bands of black braid which complete just below the hips and finish at the rear at the knees. The braid plays an important part, too, in the adornment of the bolero bodice, being arranged in ribbon fashion in front with barrel buttons, while it does duty in narrower form as bordering. The costume is completed by a full skirted vest of white crinkled silk, slightly ruffled at the neck and held in at the waist by a band and bow of black silk, while the sleeves are distinguished by a diamond-shaped cuff trimmed with braid, and fastened by a frilling of silk.

Another costume worn by a debutante was of dark gray bengaline. The coat bodice was white, Louis Quinze in style, the fronts embroidered in steel and gilt, the sleeves over the shoulders in white cloth, all forming a design essentially of the period. With this costume was worn a large black hat with black ostrich plumes. A rosette of turquoise blue velvet resting on the hair with a diamond ornament in the centre completed the costume.

A very effective gown was of yellow gauze over yellow silk, delicately embroidered in silver and apollo designs in lace, with a full front, a tiny pleated vest of chiffon, and a chiffon sash. The sleeves were of gauze and the skirt was finished at the hem with quillings of white and yellow chiffon. A very delicate and perhaps the smartest dress worn on the occasion to which I refer, was a costume of white organdie muslin, embroidered with Louis Seize bows, connected by a floral trail executed in tones of pale green, mauve, and yellow. The yoke, waist and transparent lace inserted cleverly in a very original bodice of white bengaline, while the coloring of the embroidery was prettily repeated in the waistband.

The last of the notable gowns I noticed was of dove-gray moire, with a zigzag satin design upon it. The skirt was finished with a lace insertion at the hem, and the bodice, of bolero shape, was of lace over white, opening on a soft front of white muslin and lace. There was a little pointed edging of gray chiffon and a white folded collar. A fawn-colored satin straw bonnet, trimmed with black velvet and tea-rose, was worn with this costume, having a high black and white rosette at one side.

It is the supposition that there are brides at all times of year, and that is why I suppose that there is such an incessant lookout kept in their behalf to secure something new. The very newest idea this season is to use silk Maltese lace as trimming for the wedding dress. It is very charming in wonderful shades of ivory and cream. Furthermore, it is very popular, and I think we might very easily say this year that not only happy is the bride the sun shines on, but happy is the bride whose gown is trimmed with silk Maltese lace.

Some one was telling me the other day that I ought to write more about what the summer girl wore. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous? Was the bona-fide summer-girl ever known to wear anything but white, unless it was a bathing suit or a bicycle costume? Certainly not. She wears to-day what she did yesterday, and what she will wear to-morrow. If only we could all be summer-girls! But then, we can't, and really, for one, I don't feel like crying about it.

Man.

(Bangor Commercial.)

Who ever heard of him? What's his gix dim? To bow the knee To? Man!

Where Are his 'chievements great? Why doth he rule the State? How now? Why how? To man?

Man! What a poor thing! To him pity bring! Why, he Can't even be Without woman!

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